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RH

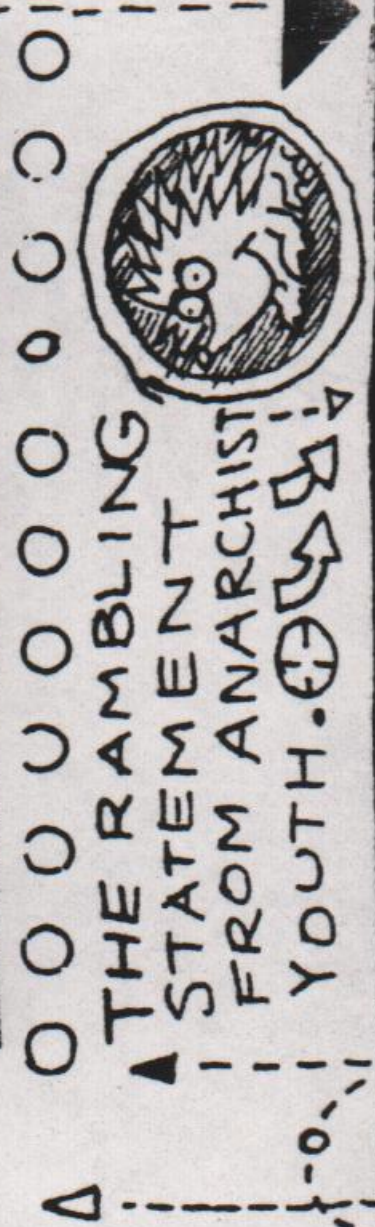
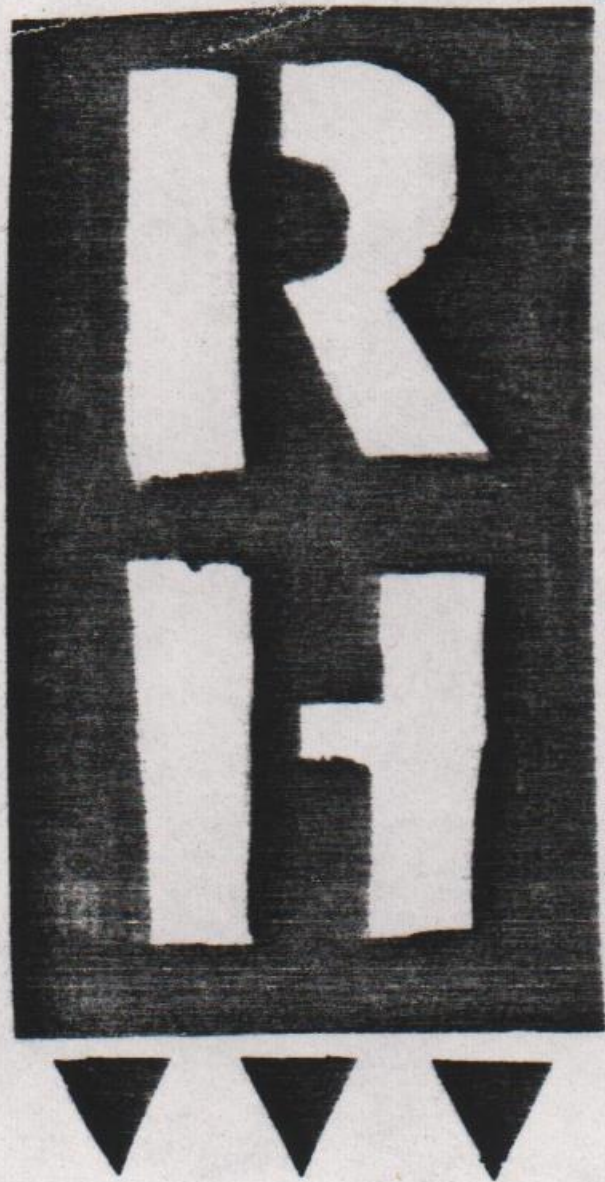
7 [25p]
RADICAL
HEDGEHOG
SEVEN

▼
REVOLUTIONARY CELIBACY ISSUE

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PHOTO: CLIVE LIMPKIN





Hello. Well hello again and welcome to another devastating issue of Radical Hedgehog, issue seven to be precise. I hope you like it. If you're a new reader I'll fill you in on the details. Basically Radical Hedgehog is a small print run magazine that is based (at the moment @) in jolly old Nottingham. Although its birthplace was in the rural community of the Forest of Dean in Gloucestershire back in 1983. The paper's politics are a basic mish mash of Anarchism, Pacifism, Rugged Individualism, Veganism and a quaint Action-based political ideology called Hedgehogism. The Paper was founded by my good self Phil Hedgehog. (along with a small person called Spiny Norman who some say is a figment of my deranged imagination, ~~but~~ although he's real enough to me and can spell Demmand.

As for my regular readers, I hoped you like the last issue, even if it veered into the egotistical from time to time, it only produced 50 copies so the word didn't get as far as I had hoped. RH is undergoing some hefty rethinks at the moment, mainly on what we hope to achieve with the paper (god I wish I could typeset) and where the content of the paper is going. It's all tied up with personal problems as well.... I've left the cosy confines of Peace News and I am now struggling on the dole, plus I'm not sure where I want to base the PERMANENT headquarters of the Rippoff Press. Suffice to say, RH will carry on regardless. And now back to the new readers, and to this issue.....

PHIL HEDGEHOG 1985

RADICAL HEDGEHOG SEVEN.

a Rippoff Press Production.

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OF COURSE THERE IS ONE OBVIOUS CATCH TO ADVOCATING ANARCHY....

Those who try to put the paper out.

Phil Hedgehog..... Finance, Features, Cartoons, Layout.

Spiny Norman..... Political Comment and Layout.

Bagpuss Omnipuscle.... Spiritual Support, Foreign Correspondent.

Matilda the Educated Variant Rotring..... The obnoxious lines.

With Help From..... The Peace News Typsetter, Mummy

and Daddy, Mr RB Cross, 118 Photocopier, A pair of Scissors

and lots of glue in the right places. + BRYCCHAN CAREY. + ANJ

Nottingham Office C/O Peace News, 8, Elm Avenue, Nottingham,

Forest Office Canberra, New Road, Coalway, Coleford, Glos.

BACK COPIES

RH 1..... None left.

RH 2..... None left.

RH 3..... A few left. Hurry or you will miss them.

RH 4..... Like you missed these.

RH 5..... Three left.

RH 6..... A fair sum left.

RH 8..... hasn't been printed yet. So there, Nyeah.

There are a few odds and sods from The Rippoff Press floating about - like the A7 - booklet 'Content' - a few left of those - send an SAE for one. That's all. as usual with these back copies send off an SAE now along with 20p and state which one you want. Mark your envelopes with a SBC mark to identify it. Ta.

BUY NOW WHILE STOCKS LAST!

NO ONE HAS MANAGED TO MAKE IT LAST (YET)

SUBVERT. Thankyou.

a quick history.

July 82

..... A group of punks complain to Phil Hedgehog that life in the forest is boring.

Mr Hedgehog complains to them to do some thing them selves. They reply that there isn't any point as there isn't even a decent Gloucestershire fanzine. Mr Hedgehog offers to do one. One of the punks offers to get it printed via his dad who works in the local Rank Xerox factory.

A first RH is drawn up. Unfortunatley his dad won't print it.

September 1982..... Hedgehog draws up a second first issue of Radical Hedgehog which he tries to get printed. He eventually gets offered a outlet by Rich from Catalyst Magazine in jolly old Exeter.

January-April 1983..... the first one sheet of A4 RH one is printed.

August 1983..... the big format punkzine style RH2 makes its 100^{copy} copy appearance

May 1984..... the duplicated grot time sheet RH3 gets 200 brides which sell very well.

August 1984..... The infamous "Aresst me Now" Patriotic Bullshit Issue RH 4 gets printed at Ranx Zerox in a blaze of publicity.

March 1985..... The politically correct "Unwelcome Publicity Issue" of RH5 is born on the cold plate of a 118 photocopier in Nottingham.

September 1985..... The Beautifully crafted but miniscule "Egotistical IN-JOKE" issue RH6 is dragged screaming into its 50 copy reality.

October-November 1985..... Mr Hedgehog begins the production of Radical Hedgehog, with the intention of raising all hell again. It will be called, he thought to himself one day, the "Revolutionary Celibacy Issue".....

a colourful fusion of dada, fish & revolution

Contents..... RH Seven.

Interview with the Antichrist

Anarcho-Hedgehogism, Ideas and action.

Make your own paintbombs.

A look at the day to day life of a bastard

How to make a nice Vegan Spag-Bol.

Why small print run mags have to be insular.

Art, just a middle class wank off?

Cartoons

Lies

Political Slogans

Little bits of gossip that have no place in a paper like this.

Nastic Bullshit

And Much much much much much more. (Or less).

A Note about Class War (again)
Last issue included a great deal of slag-offs against Class War. I would like to point out that
(a) Although I find Class War's points about "change through Riot" and armed struggle politically, morally and tactically ridiculous, I do agree with most of their Class analysis. So, I apologise for any personal attacks - but I stand rock-steady on all political differences.
[PH]



1 9 8 6

IS SHEENA STILL A PUNK ROCKER? OR IS SHE PUSHING A PRAM BACK TO HER COUNCIL SEMI? I REALLY DIDN'T THINK WE'D GET THIS FAR, I STILL DON'T AS A MATTER OF FACT. HOW IS THE BRITAIN I KNOW AND LOVE (FOR SOME OBSCURE REASON)? ARE WE FACE DOWN IN THE DIRT FOR SOME SIMILAR REASON? SO WHAT IF MURDOCH CRUSHES THE NGA + SOGAT '82 - WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO THE MINERS? THE SAME PRESS THAT CRUCIFIED THE N.U.M. NOW HAPPILY BUTCHERS ITS OWN WORKERS - DO WE GIVE A TOSS, OF COURSE NOT, WHY SHOULD WE? ITS BECAUSE WE WEREN'T NEXT WERE WE? SOME OTHER POOR FUCKER'S NUMBER CAME UP DIDN'T IT?

WHO'S A TEENAGE LOBOTOMY THEN? THIS BRITAIN HAS MADE ME OLD BEFORE MY TIME. I'M DEAD WOOD IN ALL RESPECTS TO THOSE WHO MAKE THE DECISIONS. THERE ARE MILLIONS LIKE ME - MILLIONS LIKE YOU - MILLIONS LIKE US. ARE YOU STILL HEADBUTTING THAT WALL? AFTER FIVE YEARS IT MAKES MY HEAD BLEED - IN THAT WALL THERES A WINDOW, AND THROUGH I CAN SEE A FIFTEEN YEAR OLD GIRL WITH "NO FUTURE" CARVED INTO HER ARM. AND SHE'S OLDER THAN ME INSIDE. HARD AS NAILS.

THIS COUNTRY HAS ROBBED HER OF ALL SHE HAD, HER DIGNITY, HER HUMANITY AND THE LAST VESTIGES OF HER SELF-RELIANCE.

OK, ITS NOT THAT DOOMLADEN - WE'VE GOT OUR HOBBIES, WE CAN BOG OFF TO A COMMUNE IN WALES TO GROW VEGETABLES - BUT THE WORLD GETS FUCKED IN YOUR ABSCENCE. WE WAVE OUR BLACK FLAGS ON OUR MOTHERS BACKS AND IT AIN'T ON PAL - IT AINTON! BRITAIN 1986 - THE WEB OF VIOLENCE INCREASES, LAW OF FIST + LAW OF GUN. RAMBO CHILDREN "LOVE MISSILE F-111" WOULDN'T YOU SAY MR JAMES? CHANGE OCCURS OUT OF OUR HANDS -

In the Hands of our Elders and Betters, In the Hands of the Seven Controlling Interests of the Press, In the Hands of the MULTINATIONALS. BRITAIN HAS BRED NEW STRAINS OF CITIZENS PEOPLE FULL OF DIVISION AND LIES. THE REVOLUTIONARY HAS WARPED INTO A NEW CLASS OF ULTRA NIHILIST AND NEO-ANARCHIST. HARD PEOPLE - Without Pity or Remorse - Back to those Iron Headed Policies.

Never Trust a Hippy
Believe In The Ruins

NO FUTURE

IT'S A DAMP, COLD NIGHT TO WRITE ON, NOTHING TO DISTRACT YOU BUT THE SOUND OF RAIN ON THE WINDOW, SCENES OF ARMOURD BATTLE COPS ON THE TV, and Back Home - Real Home - there's John Peel on the Radio playing The Shop Assistants and the cat's curled up by the fire - people say hello to you in the street. That's the Britain I'm looking for ---- my own dream. NO WONDER ITS A FUCKING LONG WAY AWAY ----- Hedgehog 18/2/86





Mrs Potter in Mason Street.

IMPRESSIONS OF NOTTINGHAM

» JAN 1985 « HEDGEHOG COLLIDES INTO CITY «
» ONE YEAR ON » STILL IMBEDDED «
Well, Impressions - It's strange » Nottingham's a nice city - but it Does have its gritty unpleasanties. Its got so much going for it - Printshops, Campaigning Groups, Fun Pubs, Wholefood places - etc etc BUT HUMAN NATURE being what it is - The fences are up - Armour raised to Defend each group. Shadowy Figures creep through the Political Landscape with Daggers Drawn waiting for the Right Moment to plunge them into a handy back. Sunrise brings forward the Sight of many casualties that make the Night of the Long Knives look like A Nun's Picnic. Even the Anarchist Group meetings collapsed - I can't apportion blame - I'm as guilty as the rest - we never gave it that extra oomph - I became pissed off with it just being 3 to 4 people giving it their all while everyone else mooned around saying Fuck All until we got to the Pub - Eventually I was only going for the Beer at the Pub afterwards. But its the same with all political Groups Forest of Dean CND was the same ~ Egos on Parade Cert. X, Boring Bloody Bitchy Squabbles about Anarchists, CND, Defend Molesworths, The Loopy Left, Certain Fucking Bookshops, Video Projects with too much money, The Loopier Left and The abso - Fucking-lutely deranged Extremist Loopy Left. Well Sod It » In-Fightings all very well but not when it takes on huge proportions.

The Only political groupings doing well in the current situation in this bloody town are the General Public and Nihilists. At least they go forward together. I don't really want to spout about this as its really grating for people who don't even live in this Place. There are other places in this world apart from Nottingham - or Forest Fields even (Forest Fields = area of Nottingham where all the Hip wow Radicals live)

So - Impressions of a City Conclusion » GROW UP!

HEAVY DRINKING SPOT

from our alcohol correspondent

THE RED HEDGEHOG

Once upon a time, and not very long ago either, two young Anarcho Piss-heads were getting down to some serious "Fall-flat-on-your-Face" convention in the thirty-ninth most boring pub in Cornwall. Cornwall; - land of legend, mystery and nothing else in particular. May I just take this opportunity to remind you not to go there unless you enjoy talking to yourself.

As there was little else to do, our two heroes set about the task of inventing a new drink with a skill and determination that can only come from complete and utter boredom. After only One Hour and Forty Eight minutes (possibly a new record?) the new drink was invented and Served. It was bright red.

What follows can only be an approximation of the truth, it may never have happened, but it seems likely.....

After several prototypes had been tested, one member of the Research team made an official visit to the Gentleman's room (Pisshouse to those reading in English). On his return the following discussion took place;

"I think you ought to know that there's a hedgehog in the Loo"

"Washorta hedgehog waddit?"

"Ooooooooooh - A big one. With Bristles".

"What did it believe in?"

"Oh, I dunno, it shpoke Russian"

"Mushta been a Red Hedgehog then?"

This was undoubtedly divine intervention. The poor lonely nameless drink had prayed, and a message from god was sent to give it a decent respectable name. In commemoration of this momentous occasion, Red Hedgehogs are now drunk the world over whenever anyone receives a giro from the DHSS. The secret of a good Red Hedgehog lies in -

- 1) Not Giggling when you ask bar staff for one, and
- 2) Knowing the RECIPE, which is; take a Clean pint glass and put Half a pint of lager in it. On top of that add a double Pernod and Black with Ice. SIT DOWN and DRINK. ■

► **BRYCCAN CAREY** of the World council for the development of the Red Hedgehog as an alternative to nasty drinks and for the numbing of the mind in response to boring pubs.

● **EDS NOTE** ► Contrary to what this article says - THERE IS NO GOD. Honest.



THE EMOTIONAL CRUTCH

WOMEN ARE USED AS AN EMOTIONAL CRUTCH BY MEN. ALWAYS USED AS A SHOULDER TO CRY ON AND ALWAYS EXPECTED TO PROVIDE PATIENCE AND SYMPATHY ON TAP. IT'S A MALE EXPECTATION THAT IS PREVALENT ESPECIALLY IN MALES OF "ALTERNATIVE" POLITICAL LEANINGS.

These pseudo-wimps unload all their hang-ups onto women, expecting them to provide some sort of pit prop as it were. My suggestion is that men might be better off if they talked over their personal ~~FEELINGS~~ with male friends ~~OR BETTER STILL~~, learned the simple skill of dealing with their own problems. It's very simple - try talking to yourself or better still again, talk to a tape recorder that's playing a tape loop that goes "yeah...yeah...-aha.... ah, I see.... oh no...yeah...really?... yeah...yes...-yeah...mmm....Mmmm?...Mmm!...Mmm" because that's all emotional support is really - something that will put up with your moaning. Mind you your average ~~A~~ clone male will get upset because he can't bring himself to fuck a tape-recorder. But it serves him right for being a hypocritical heterosexual shithead ~~shut~~ (doesn't it?).



HOW TO SUM UP WESTERN CULTURE IN ONE SINGLE PHOTOGRAPH..... 7

eat your hearts out dippers — the Rotring is here to stay! 12

ART

A MIDDLE CLASS HOBBY?

OF COURSE IT BLOODY IS!
EXPLAIN PLEASE...

BELOW: THE EVER POPULAR STILL FROM "ERASERHEAD" SHOWING JOHN NANCE AS A WIG SALESMAN.



LOOK, SINCE WHEN DID "ART" HAVE ANY RELEVANCE TO EVERYDAY LIFE?
IT NEVER HAS, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN IT ISN'T NECESSARY

THEY KEEP art apart from everyday life. So its colourful rays don't get to anybody except the Toffee nosed farts in the right circles of the Cities...

The use of art is part of a society's culture. If a society has no popular culture then it is a shallow impersonation of one...
ART has always been a closely guarded clique of elite bastards...

IF ALL WE GET IS WATERED DOWN PAP CULTURE CAN ART offer any Revolutionary Promise?

One Group is the Rich BASTARD of wine parties the second is the STUDENT and PRETENTION group
THIS SECOND GROUP HAS THE MONOPOLY OF ARTISTIC CIRCLES They surround all Art with a incomprehensible wall of words

MAYBE IT MIGHT OF DONE IN THE PAST - BUT IN TIMES LIKE THESE ITS VERY DOUBTFUL, IN FACT, HIGHLY IMPROBABLE THAT ART COULD HAVE ANY EFFECT ON THE STATUS QUO...

DATA

THE DADAISTS OF THE TWENTIES TRIED TO HARNESS THE POWER OF ART FOR REVOLUTIONARY CHANGE....

BUT OF COURSE THEY FAILED TO CHANGE ANYTHING...

Because Art breeds an Atmosphere of the most fuck awful human condition...

DECADANCE

AN AWFUL SHITTY THING
A condition, a cancer which eats away at all Revolutionary "circles".
THE THREAT BECOMES A PARTY.....

SO even if ART IS IRRELEVANT TO MOST PEOPLE A NON-REVOLUTIONARY ELEMENT A DECADENT CLIQUE FEATURE...

it's STILL WORTHWHILE, on the personal level...it is nothing more than that. Oh yes it can supply an interesting margin in on a grey and shallow existence but really we need ACTION NOT ART... IN THE MEANTIME

ART is a part of the

CREATIVE SIDE OF LIFE and is a PART OF OUR SELVES WHETHER WE LIKE IT OR NOT. SO THERE, N'YEAH... and now a word from our Sponsor...



NEVER TRUST A HIPPY



ANARCHO-HEDGEHOGISM

ANARCHO-HEDGEHOGISM IS A LITTLE KNOWN IDEOLOGY THAT WAS FORMULATED BY RURAL WORKERS IN THE 19th CENTURY IN THE WEST COUNTRY OF ENGLAND AND HAS ITS FOUNDATIONS IN THE IDEALS OF ANARCHISM. RURAL PEOPLE, JOINED BY A COMMON CULTURE AND PURPOSE IN LIFE FORMED CELLS OF "HEDGEHOGISTS" WITH ITS NAME AND SYMBOL BEING THAT OF BRITAIN'S MOST MYSTERIOUS, GREATEST AND IDIOTIC MAMMALS - "THE HEDGEHOG". HOWEVER, RIDICULED BY THEIR SOCIALIST AND ANARCHIST CONTEMPARIES, THE MOVEMENT TURNED INTO ONE OF THE MOST SECRET OF THE ULTRA-SECRET SOCIETIES. SO SECRET IN FACT THAT SOME PEOPLE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THEY WERE MEMBERS.

IT REMAINED LIKE THIS UNTIL THE LATE SEVENTIES, WHEN THE SUDDEN UPSHOT OF THE DISARMAMENT MOVEMENT LED TO AN INCREASE IN HEDGEHOGIST ACTIVITY.

AT THE PRESENT TIME THE HEDGEHOGIST MOVEMENT HAS ITS OWN HOUSE JOURNAL "RADICAL HEDGEHOG" AND A LARGE BUT SECRETIVE MEMBERSHIP. HERE, IN THIS ARTICLE, WE HOPE TO GIVE A SHORT GUIDE TO THE BASIC IDEAS OF HEDGEHOGISM.

Common-Sense

Anarcho-Hedgehogists have a basic commitment to the theories of Anar-

CHISM, BUT ON TOP OF THIS THEIR OWN RURAL IDEAL OF "COMMON SENSE", AND WITH THIS A TOTAL MISTRUST OF ALL THINGS UNREALISTIC AND CONCEPTUAL. THEY ARE HEAVILY INTO BLACK AND WHITE THOUGHT.

FOR INSTANCE THEY HAVE A HEALTHY MISTRUST OF "GREENS" FOR THEIR ROMANTIC NOTIONS ABOUT "LIFE ON THE LAND". HEDGEHOGISTS KNOW THAT AGRICULTURAL WORK IS HARD, DIRTY, UNDERPAID, DANGEROUS, UNHEALTHY AND TOTALLY FUCK AWFUL.

THE INDUSTRIAL CITY-BASED WORKING CLASS ARE CHASTISED FOR BEING "CONSERVATIVE" AND SHITTY TOWARDS THEIR RURAL EQUIVILANTS.

CRICKET

A SENSE OF DECENCY AND FAIR PLAY MAKE HEDGEHOGIST S UNFORGIVING TOWARDS THE ENGLISH FOR THEIR IMPERIAL "PASS THE PORT" DAYS. WHEN HEDGEHOGISTS PLAY CRICKET THEY ARE DOING IT TO RIDICULE THE EXPLOITATIVE BASE OF ENGLISH CULTURE.

DRUGS

HEDGEHOGISTS HATE ALL DRUGS ALTHOUGH THEY DO INDULGE IN ALCOHOL AND CAFFINE. ALL OTHER DRUGS ARE ROASTED FOR BEING ELITIST, DANGEROUS, EXPENSIVE OR POINTLESS.

HEDGEHOGISTS POINT OUT THAT A LOT OF TEACHERS ARE DOPE-USERS AND A LOT OF SOLDIERS ARE ON SPEED. HEDGEHOGISTS SEE THE POWER OF THE HUMAN MIND AS BOUNDLESS, THE USE OF DRUGS STIFLES

THOUGHT, AND DOES NOT INDUCE ANY GREAT NEW WACKY WAYS OF THINKING. AS ONE HEDGEHOGIST POINTS OUT "YOU SMELLY HIPPI BOMBED-OUT DIVVY PRATS" FRANKNESS AND CLARITY OF THOUGHT IS SUPREME.

MYSTICISM

HEDGEHOGISTS SEE ALL MYSTICAL OUTFITS AND BELIEFS AND AS DANGEROUS BULLSHIT. ASTROLOGY, RUNES RELIGION ARE SIMPLY GIN-TRAPS FOR WEAK MINDS. PERCY SHELLEY (A CLOSET HEDGEHOGIST) ONCE SAID, "LISTEN SHIT-FACE IF YOU DONT MOVE THOSE RUNE STONES NOW I'M GOING TO SHOVE THEM UP YOUR ARSE". A

POPULAR HEDGEHOGIST SLOGAN USED WAS "SINCE WHEN DID TAROT CARDS PUT THE TEA ON THE TABLE?" REALITY IS WHAT YOU FIND IN DAY TO DAY LIFE FOR A HEDGEHOGIST NOT "what some snotty-nosed mason with a psychic-TV LP shoved up his arse thinks it is".

SEXUALITY

HEDGEHOGISTS ARE ALL FANATK ANTI-SEXISTS, MOST BEING CELIBATE AS THEY ARE SICK OF THE MESS-ED UP STATE OF SEXUAL AFFAIRS RECENTLY. A SPLINTER HEDGEHOGIST GROUP ACCUSED THE CELIBATES OF "COPPING-OUT". Mind you the Splinter group have all got Syphilis.

REVOLUTION

HEDGEHOGISTS SEE THE CHANGES NEEDED IN SOCIETY TAKING PLACE THROUGH THE

MASS ACTIONS OF THE POPULUS. HOWEVER, THEY DO REALISE THIS IS AN INCREDIBLY UNLIKELY THING TO HAPPEN IN THE PRESENT CLIMATE. SO, UNTIL THAT TIME HEDGEHOGISTS HAVE LAUNCHED A TWO-PRONGED ATTACK ON THE STRUCTURE.

a) a highly organised propaganda campaign, information service and pub workers.

b) A chuck a spanner in the works SABOTAGE operation in factories, airfields, in fact everywhere the establishment is physical.

PACIFISM

THE MAJORITY OF HEDGEHOGISTS ARE PACIFISTS. SOME AREN'T. FAIR ENOUGH.

FILMS

HEDGEHOGISTS love nipping in to the local picture house to eat Popcorn in the dark. They also like 50's cat they pat on Sunday afternoons. They take offence at Drivel. For instance that Fassbinder chappie - I mean bloody hell - that Berlin Alexanderplatz was so soft-focus that it looked like a major fog bank had drifted into the studio.

THE FUTURE**IS HEDGEHOG!**

[PH]

FAMOUS HEDGEHOGISTS

FRANS MASEREEL
PROF. HEINZ WOLFF
BARRY NORMAN
PERCY SHELLEY
SPINY NORMAN
ROBBIE COLTRANE
STEVE BELL.



AN ANARCHO-HEDGEHOGIST CELL CONFRONT THE LOCAL SEX-SHOP OWNER.

▲ SOME FUNDAMENTAL DEMANDS OF HEDGEHOGISM -

- THE BULLDOZING DOWN OF GREATER LONDON
- THE WEARING OF LEATHER TROUSERS TO BE MADE A CAPITAL OFFENCE
- AN "OPEN SEASON" ON HIPPIES
- FREE VERY THINGS T-SHIRTS ON THE NHS
- ALL NME JOURNALISTS TO BE SENT TO THE USA TO TEACH ENGLISH TO AMERICANS
- WALES, SCOTLAND, CORNWALL, THE FOREST OF DEAN AND NEWCASTLE TO BE MADE INDEPENDENT.

FOREST & DEAN PAGE

Fun and Anarchy in Rural Gloucestershire

to do, one of them is get Drunk-the other one isn't. Still you only have yourselves to blame, I reckon if you were paid £1 an hour to stand in Bus Shelters you'd all be frigging millionaires by now. Dunno about Forest CND, I still think it's the Domain of Mealy mouthed Rich Hippies from Out of Town and Wet Labourite Liberals-There was a time when I was the only Forest-Born person at the meetings! And there aren't any decent Local bands and if you're a Raving, Dribbling Cider-Drinking Anarchist from Lydney then there isn't much scope for State Sabotage...is there? No, the only thing you can do is either go to the Pub or read...

THE FOREST REVIEW

And bloody hell, that's a joke too. OK, I'm biased 'cas they shopped me to the Cops for Headlines sake 2 years ago--But even if they hadn't-A free Ad-Sheet full of Tile Warehouse Ads is pretty dull-And I'm sure the only way they get stories is by Tom Price and his rotund sidekicks stealing every Press Release going from every local council office. They then take every 14th word from them, give it to the Typesetters, Layout this Lazy, Unjournalistic CRAP and Lo! shove it through your Door. The Budgies must be pleased. The other way of getting Copy is by Mugging Old age Pensioners and stealing their Photo Albums. Now you may think that piccys of Ruardean Football Club 2nd Team Reserves in 1925 with Stickout ears, Slick backed hair and highly Dodgy Drill Shorts are fine-Local Colour and Heritage-fair enough, But it doesn't give the Forest much to Look forward to does it? Except half a dozen Tile Warehouses. Life's like that in the Whacky world of News Papers.

LOCAL ANARCHY

THE LAST REVOLUTIONARY ACT ANYONE DID IN THE FOREST WAS IN 1993 WHEN THE LIGHTS OF COLEFORD MAGISTRATES COURT WERE SMASHED. PETTY VANDALISM MAYBE, BUT ITS THE THOUGHT THAT COUNTS. HOWEVER, THERE HAS TO BE OTHER ANARCHISTS AND "radical" types in the Forest! Where are you? People who won't follow LEADERS, WON'T TAKE ORDERS, PEOPLE WHO CONSIDER GOVERNMENT A STUPID IDEA, PEOPLE WHO HATE NFERS, POLITICIANS, RIGHT WING VICARS, MACHO MEN, COPPERS, TEACHERS AND OTHER UNDESIRABLE POWER-MONGERS, PEOPLE WHO WANT TO CHANGE THINGS, RAISE SOME HELL and won't be Pushed Around! You may be Grannies you may be a School-The More the Merrier! GET IN TOUCH! WRITE SOMETHING FOR RH8, ORGANISE A GK, PRINT A FANZINE! FORM A BAND! ANYTHING! CAUSE SOME TROUBLE! RAISE HELL! ANARCHY! Dont sit back and Take it! FIGHT BACK!

CINDERFORD

EX-MINERS SHANTY TOWN, AND HOME TO THE ONLY PLANNING DEPARTMENT RUN BY BLIND MARMOSETS JUDGING FROM THE ATTRACTIVE, CLEAN, PLEASANT LAYOUT OF THE TOWN. I'm VERY DISSAPPOINTED TO SEE THAT THIS MONUMENT TO Rancid Living Conditions hasn't been improved in the slightest. I have a very good idea for what to do to Cinderford-basically you bulldoze it flat and turn it into an Amusement Park for Sheep. NEXT ISSUE:- 500 USES FOR SHEEP SHIT

BUNKER BASHING=

ROYAL OBSERVER CORPS BUNKER, ST. BRAIVELS HOW TO GET TO IT >>> Walk out of St. Braivels towards Chepstow. Just as you Pass the Bus Shelter by the Turnoff to St. Braivels Common you'll see a Farm gate on your left. Go into that field-follow the hedge into the field-you'll see a wooden fence enclosing 2 concrete blocks-one has a green hatch secured with 2 padlocks. Down there is a Bunker-Quite small. So if you like Midnight Hacksawing-Get down + boogie. You know what to do.

AKNOWLEDGEMENTS..... I'm indebted to 2 Forest Anark-Niks for their assistance. They Are ANJ VROOMFONDEL and Her Friend with the Trouser-Buying Fixation >>>> RH

INTRO 0000 Skummy Old Nottingham Townies Can fuck off now as we devote this page to the Forest. Yeah, why should I have to cater just for Pus-soaked Northerners? Anyway Sheep-fanciers-let's rock...

THINGS STAY THE SAME (SHOCK)

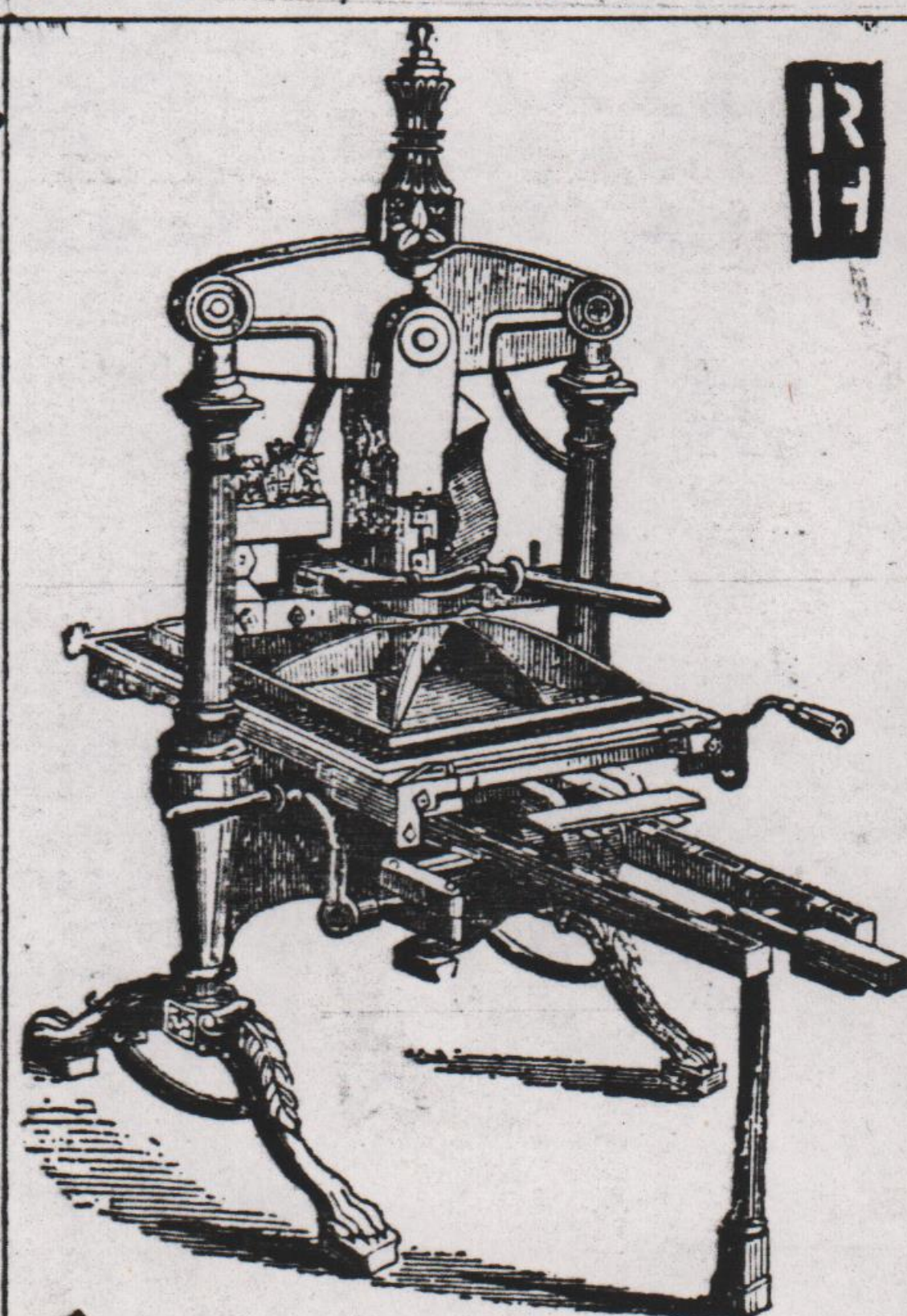
Yes, whaddya know, a bloody year after pissing off to live with Heathens what happens in the Dear old Dean? SOD ALL as per usual. Theres still only two things

THE NUMBER 31 BUS

YES, THE GOOD OLD COLEFORD/GLOUCESTER BUS-THE ONLY LINK WITH OUTSIDE CIVILLISATION-NOT counting the Welsh THAT IS...Where was I... Ah yes! The Infamous 31 Bus The Place you go to see Forest Youth Hang Out and indulge in sickeningly deranged Immaturity and all too bitchy gossip-that's if you manage to survive gassing by the yellow nicotine fog that's a semi-permanent Fixture as 12-year old Madonna Copyists smoke their way to Puberty and Lung Cancer-Still all part of growing up innit? You've got to Realise that theres more to life than sitting around a bus, swanning around Gloucester, buying crappy records and sitting around in Pubs drinking Piss Poor Beer while these Moronic Posers show how Macho + cool they are-you know the sort, wearing shoes that look like slippers and cool slacks, leaning against bars with hankies shoved down their trouser fronts-The sort of Dickheads you find on a No.31 bus. Why do women put up with these Men? Why do I for that matter? These Adolescent Big Men are in desperate need of being Put up against a wall and Shot...

COUNCILS

Nice to see, he joked, that the same old, tired out, lobot-omy recipients are still in charge of the Local councils. Someone should Run a Sweepstakes to see which one Dks first-(Brain Death is not included) @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @



ABOVE: ONE OF THE FRIGHTENINGLY HIGH-TECH PRINTING PRESSES THAT RADICAL HEDGEHOG IS PRODUCED ON.

YOU WOULDN'T LIKE IT

RH



YES, this is important. Let's begin.

A LOT OF ANARCHIST/PUNKOID/ANIMAL LIBERATION MAGS USE A GREAT DEAL OF "unpleasant" IMAGERY. IN PARTICULAR PHOTOGRAPHS OF CONTORTED, MUTILATED LABORATORY ANIMALS OR HACKED UP WAR CASUALTIES. IN USING THESE IMAGES WE TREAD THE THIN LINE BETWEEN "GETTING THE MESSAGE OVER" AND THE WORST KIND OF PORNOGRAPHIC BRUTALISATION... NOW, THE FIRSTWHILE REASON FOR THE USE OF SUCH IMAGES IS TO SHOW THE REALITY OF A PARTICULAR SUBJECT i.e. VIVISECTION IS PAIN, WAR IS DEATH AND SO ON. FAIR ENOUGH, THE CASE CAN BE BACKED UP - I FOR INSTANCE BEGAN TO BE REPELLED BY WAR AFTER SEEING A PICTURE OF A CORPSE AT AUSCHWITZ WHEN I WAS NINE YEARS OLD. IT IS TRUE THAT THE MAJORITY ARE SHIELDED FROM SUCH IMAGES OF TRUTH - AND THERE IS A CASE FOR THE USE OF THEM.

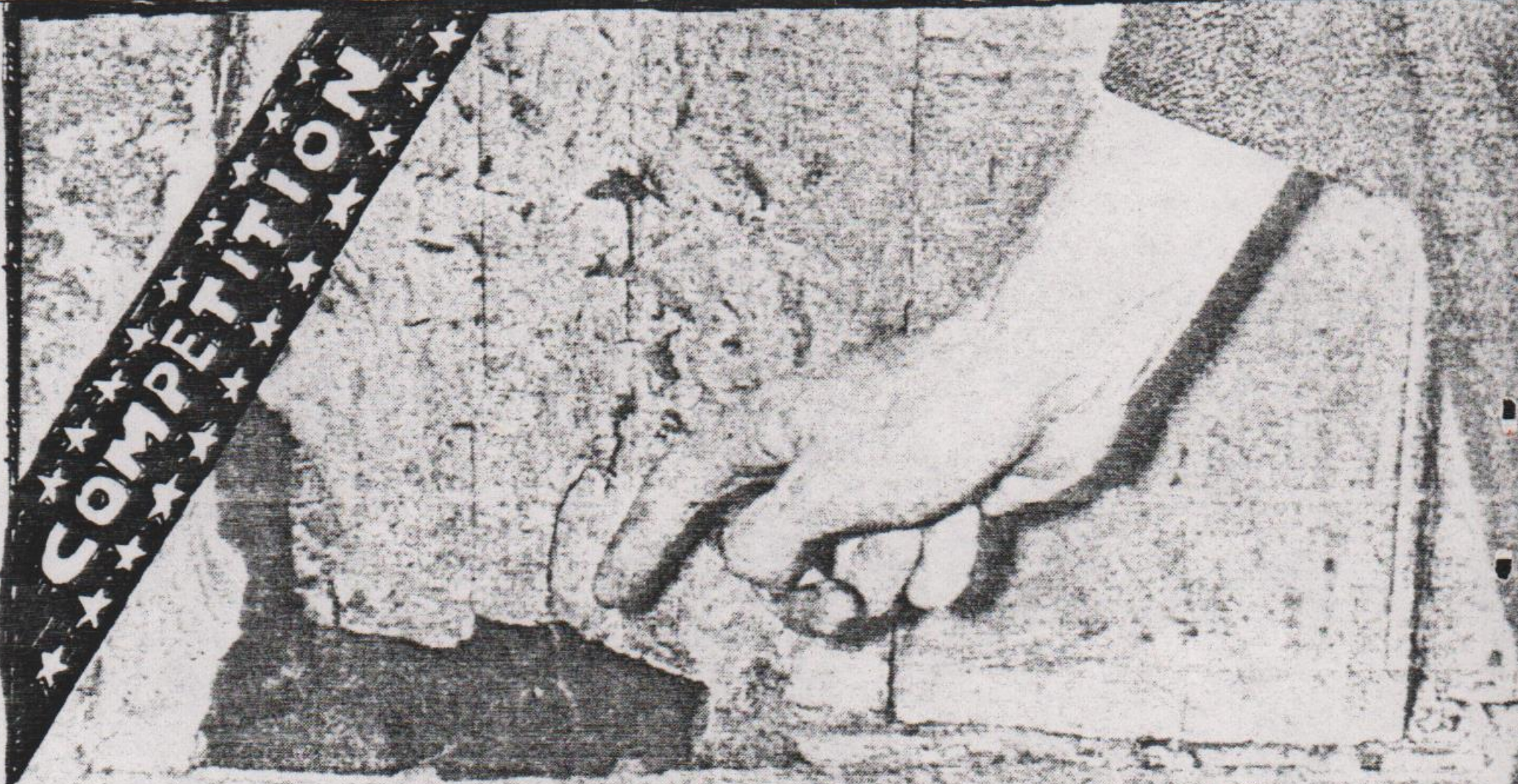
HOWEVER, THE DANGER COMES THROUGH ~~THE~~ ENDLESS REPETITION AND EXPOSURE TO THESE TYPES OF IMAGE - THE HORROR AND IMPACT BECOMES DULLED. THE FACT IS THAT PHOTOGRAPHS ARE LIMITED THINGS, FOR THEY ARE ONLY SECOND HAND EXPERIENCES OF A SITUATION. THIS ALLOWS THE VIEWER/OBSERVER TO EXPLOIT THIS - THEY BECOME DETACHED FROM THEIR GUT REACTIONS. **THIS DOES HAPPEN!** I VERY SOON BECAME NUMBED BY THIS OVERLOAD OF "DEATH-IMAGE". A GOOD EXAMPLE BEING THE "YES SIR I WILL" FILM BY MKK DUFFIELD, USED AS A BACKDROP TO CRASS' FINAL GIGS. THERE IS A HIGH USE OF STILLS SHOWING THE INJURIES OF SOLDIERS - USUALLY SQUADDIES WITH THEIR FACES BLOWN AWAY. MY FIRST REACTION WAS SHOCK AND SICKNESS. ON SECOND VIEWING, THE SHOCK HAD DE-

CREASED, THE THIRD TIME I SAW THE FILM IT HAD ALMOST GONE. THIS WAS A CASE OF BRUTALISATION - although I COULD STILL ACKNOWLEDGE THE HORROR OF THOSE IMAGES, MY GUT REPULSION HAD GONE - I HAD ACCEPTED THEM. NOW, THIS CAN LEAD TO SOME DISTURBING THOUGHTS. I FEAR THAT, ESPECIALLY IN ANIMAL ABUSE PHOTOGRAPHS, THERE IS A TENDENCY ~~IN~~ PEOPLE WHO REGULARLY SEE THEM TO GET A SUB-CONSCIOUS 'KICK' FROM THEM. PEOPLE CAN BE EXPOSED TO SO MUCH OBSCENE IMAGERY THAT THEY BEGIN TO EXPERIENCE A FACINATION FOR IT. A CASE IN POINT IS THE 'snuff movie' Phenomenon where observers can OBTAIN A SEXUAL THRILL FROM SEEING WOMEN BUTCHERED AND MUTILATED (yes, there are animal versions). SLIGHTLY DOWN THE ~~PER~~ PERVERSE SCALE OF ~~IMAGES~~ IMAGES COMES THE VIDEOS MADE BY PSYCHIC (Allynumbered) TV - mixtures of Torture, Pornography and Death images. PTV state the aim is to shock its audience and breed revulsion to them - This argument is BULLSHIT - the Decadent crowd watching the PTV videos love them, get off on them even.

THE PROCESS IS CALLED BRUTALISATION. ITS WHERE an unpleasant idea, item, or in this case, image is constantly exposed to people who gradually accept them as NORMAL (E.G. Death in Northern Ireland). I'm NOT saying we should refrain from using these images, but we must realise that shock is best used SPARINGLY - equally we must respect the power of the Image - especially in a MEDIA based "CULTURE" like the one we're lumbered with. Photo is by SUSSIE NIELSEN 7

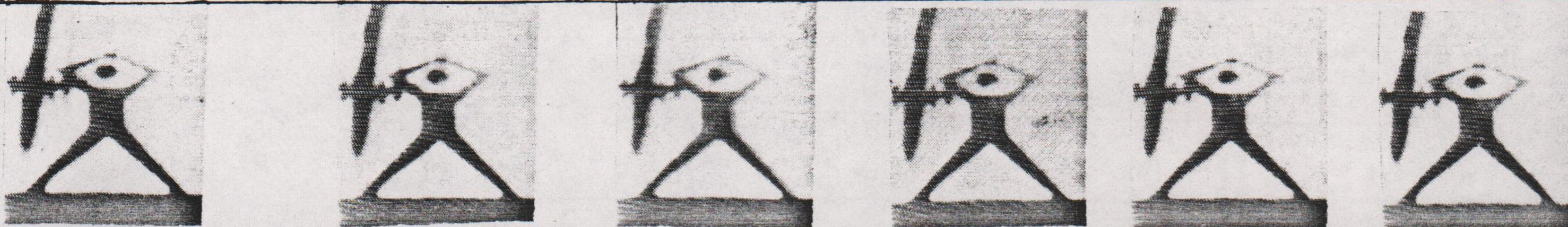
WHY SMALL PRINT RUN MAGAZINES HAVE TO PREACH TO THE CONVERTED

LOOK! ITS FUCKING OBVIOUS!! People are always bloody moaning "why are you preaching to the converted?" because we print so few copies of each bloody issue we can only afford to sell to the fucking "all-Blacks" if we had the friggin' resources and money that the Sun had then we'd be bleeding bastard effing well spreading the message about SODDING BLOODY ANARCHY WOULDN'T BE USE YOUR BLOODY BRAIN INSTEAD OF SITTING THERE with your fucking bloody fat vegan arse whining on about bloody sodding bleeding magazines you fucking cheezy



CLOSING DATE
28TH JULY
1986!

SUPPLY YOUR OWN CAPTION - and send it to RH H.Q. NOTTINGHAM YOU COULD WIN YOUR VERY OWN RANGE OF SILLY PRIZES IN OUR "WIN FUCK ALL MYSTERY PRIZE 3-2-1 CON BLOWJOB" COMPETITION - answers on a teaplate if possible... SN.





THINGS TO MAKE + DO


MAKE YOUR OWN




YOU WILL NEED


PLASTIC SANDWICH BAGS
BAG TIES
EMULSION PAINT
WATER
A BISCUIT TIN


Well - I thought this was really easy to do - and it is - when you get it right. Right this is how you go about it. Pour a little paint into a mixing bowl - add water to water it down (or white spirit if its spirit-based). Right then - where was I? ah yes.

 ← DILUTED PAINT

 ← SANDWICH BAG


PUT PAINT IN BAG

 ← TIE UP BAG
SO THAT THERE IS A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF TENSION OF PAINT AGAINST BAG

 FOR SAFE STORAGE -
PUT PAINT BOMBS INTO BISCUIT TIN AND JAM THE LID ON.



WHEN USING THEM PUT SOME WELLY BEHIND THE THROW.

REMEMBER +
DON'T GET CAUGHT.

I-ONE

IS WHERE THE HEART IS
NOW FOR A SHORT PIECE WRITTEN DURING A VISIT BACK TO THE FOREST OF DEAN, GLOUCESTERSHIRE. HEDGEHOG'S BIRTHPLACE AND HOME FOR HIS FIRST EIGHTEEN YEARS.

TURNING MY HOME INTO A MUSEUM

BACK IN THE FOREST, ITS changed - Once Rural, Now Plastic for tourist consumption. Real Sheep, Real IRON and STONE works, REAL COALMINES, REAL SAWMILLS, REAL TREES. Only in Artificial Rock Garden layout... In cheerful Cider tones. Just an horrendous cynical vision? It wasn't always like this - there, over the limestone the trees, the people - a real feeling of UNITY and COMMUNITY and Culture was ALIVE and REAL. Now that's gone.

The Forest of Dean, whose oaks had provided the timber for ships in the time of Nelson now pruned into uselessness, what sawmills are left now churn out pallettes, the Coalmines of the Free Foresters miners, dug out with sweat and effort now empty of coal - only grassy slag heaps and a full struggling show pieces scratch away. People here, myself included were (and still are) seen as stupid labourers.

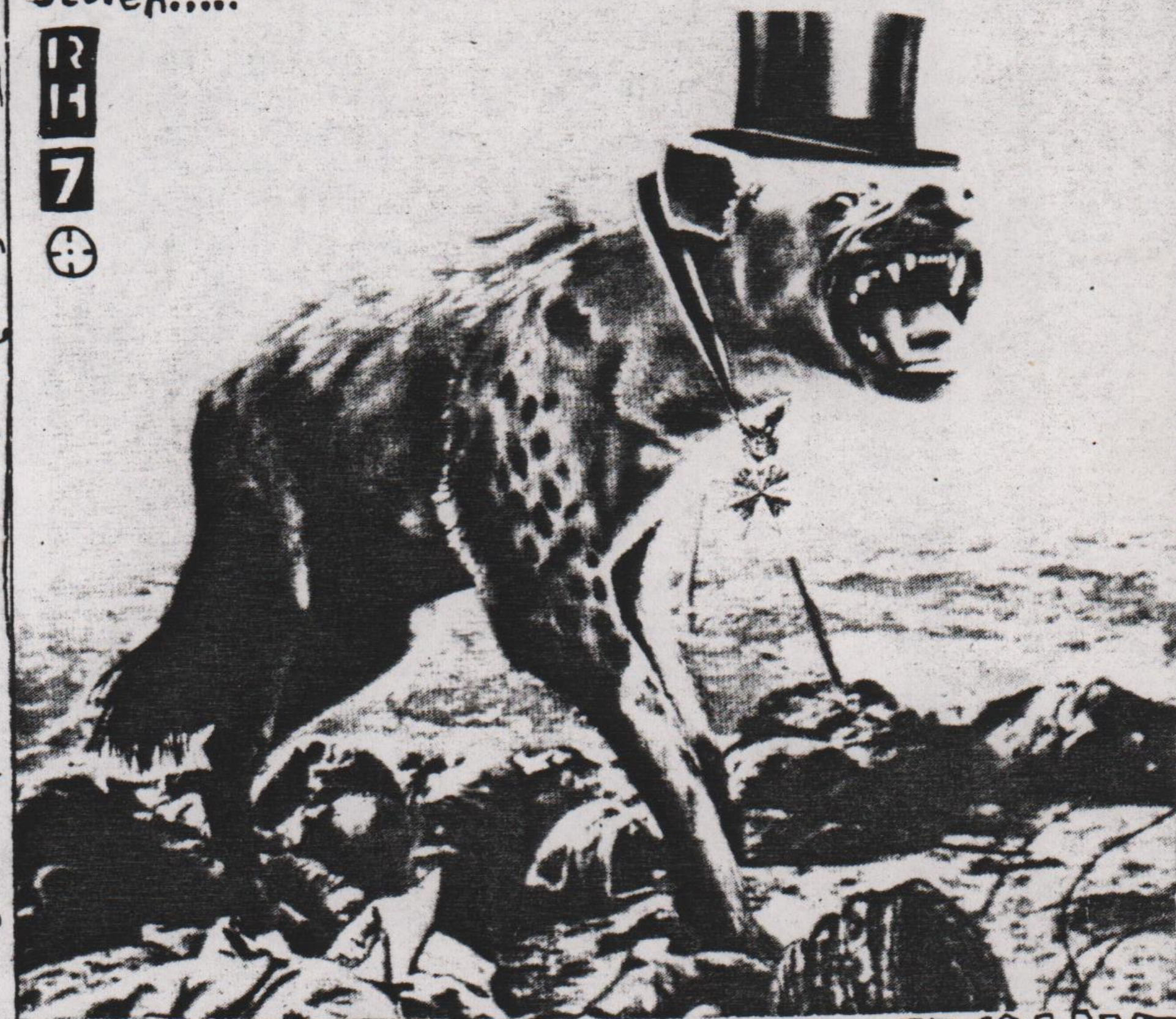
The insult of being told by an employer, lecturing the 5th form, that a saying far and wide in Bristol, Gloucester and South Wales ran "I be a furezter-born'n' bred - Strong in the arm and thick in the yud". HA FUCKING HA. Just how you liked your workers.

So the forest, its own industry crippled only had its beauty to lean back on. I can't describe the gentleness of the country - of my home - I've always loved it, and I always will - I'm proud of it and always will be....

"TOURISM" came the shout from the Rich london hippies that now infested the Dean. Yes, you could rake in the Rich, Stupid tourists into the Forest, show

them the great tranquillity, fleece them of a few quid in the pubs, the shops. (But not the sprawling ex-shanty town mess of Cinderford - oh no) the happy go-lucky yokels... You could almost hear the crash of cash registers in Shire Hall. Coach Parks, Picnic sites, Nature trails. A thousand litterbug townies came to gawk at our heritage, our culture or a least a ready wrapped version of it. The Forest is dead... its Heart Stolen....

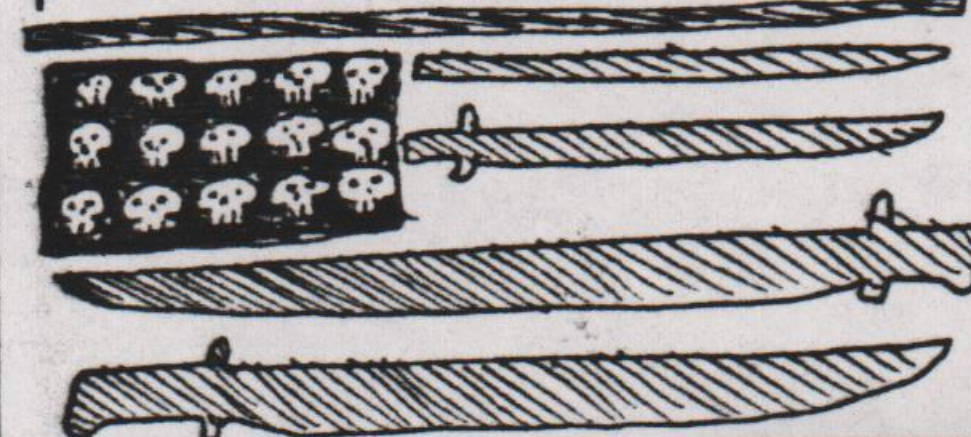
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INTERESTING

FACT NUMBER 3,018,742

IN FEBRUARY 1985, AIR CREWS AT USAF UPPER HEYFORD IN OXFORDSHIRE (HOME OF AN F-111 NUCLEAR BOMBER SQUADRON OR TWO) WERE OFFERED A DAY OFF BY THEIR COMMANDER, COLONEL DALE THOMPSON, IF ALL 5,000 OF THEM COULD GO 30 DAYS WITHOUT A DRIVE-DRINK CHARGE. EIGHT MONTHS LATER THEY STILL HAVENT MANAGED IT.... (51 Drunken Driving prosecutions by September)



TO RECALL ONE OF THE OLD SONGS...

NO ONE ELSE DECIDES FOR YOU - WHETHER TO OR NOT, YOU MAKE AN EASY TARGET WHEN YOU'RE RUNNING ON THE SPOT.

ANARCHY

HELLO, SPINY NORMAN HERE - LOOK MY OLD MATE, PHIL HEDGEHOG, IS STARTING UP SHOP AS A FREE-LANCE CARTOONIST - WHY NOT GIVE HIM SOMETHING TO DO AND ASK HIM TO DO YOU SOME CARTOONS FOR YOUR LEAFLETS, MAGAZINE AND GROUP NEGOTIABLE RATES! CONTACT THE NOTTINGHAM RADICAL HEDGHOG CREW....



TEN YEARS ON...



CUT OUT AND KEEP



...AND YET NOTHING HAS CHANGED.